

MODERN
MAN
DELUXE

QUARTERLY

WINTER, 1969 VOL. 51 (810)

\$150

Special
**NUDE MOVIE
ISSUE**

**PROVOCATIVE
SCENES**

from

**Hollywood, Foreign
and
Underground Films**



DARING PHOTOS
of the

NEW SEX STARS

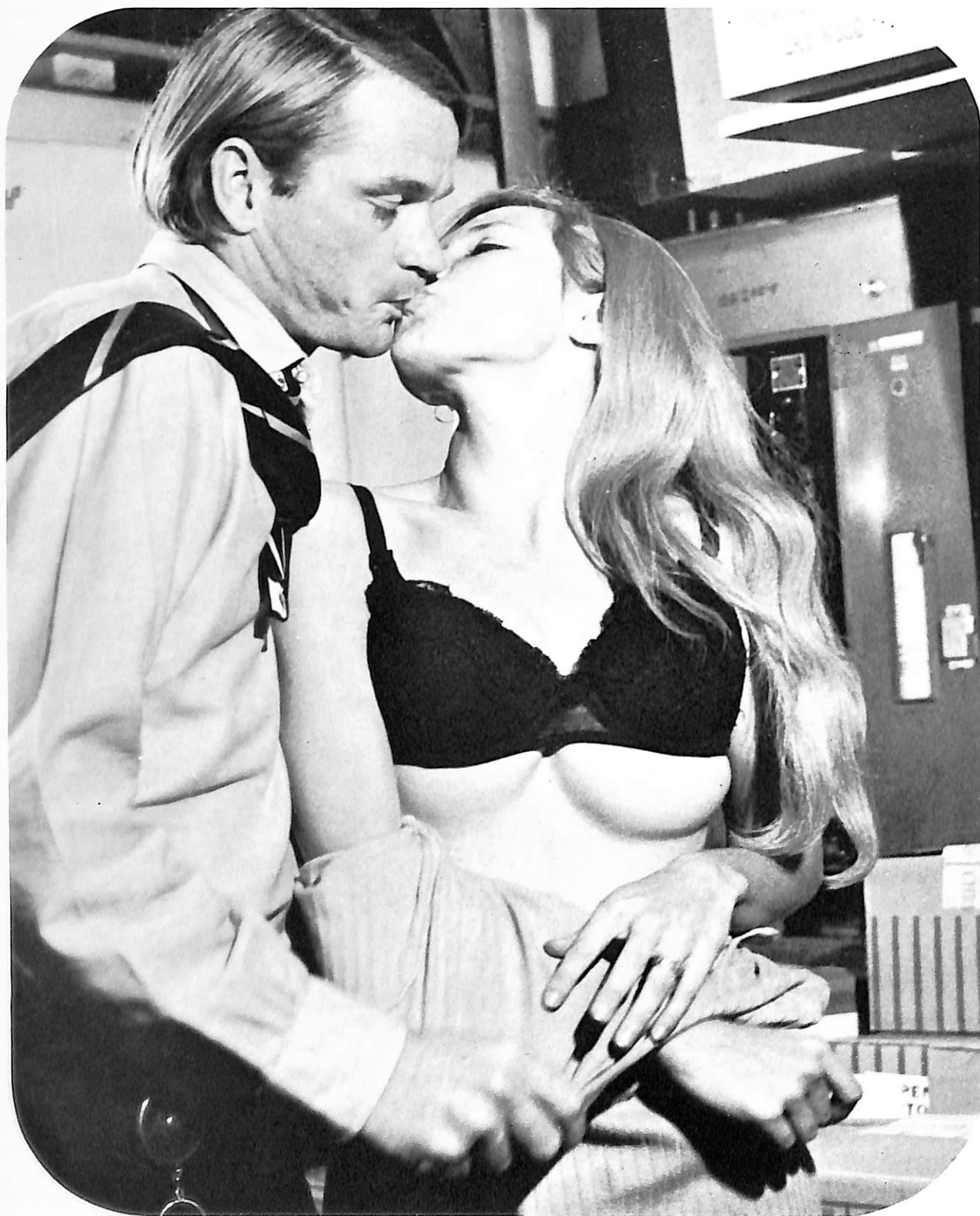
and

**GIANT POSTER
NUDE**

**of Cover Girl-Actress
JUNE PALMER**



**Here's the start of a sexy filmstrip —
for the eye-mazing climax, see inside pages.**



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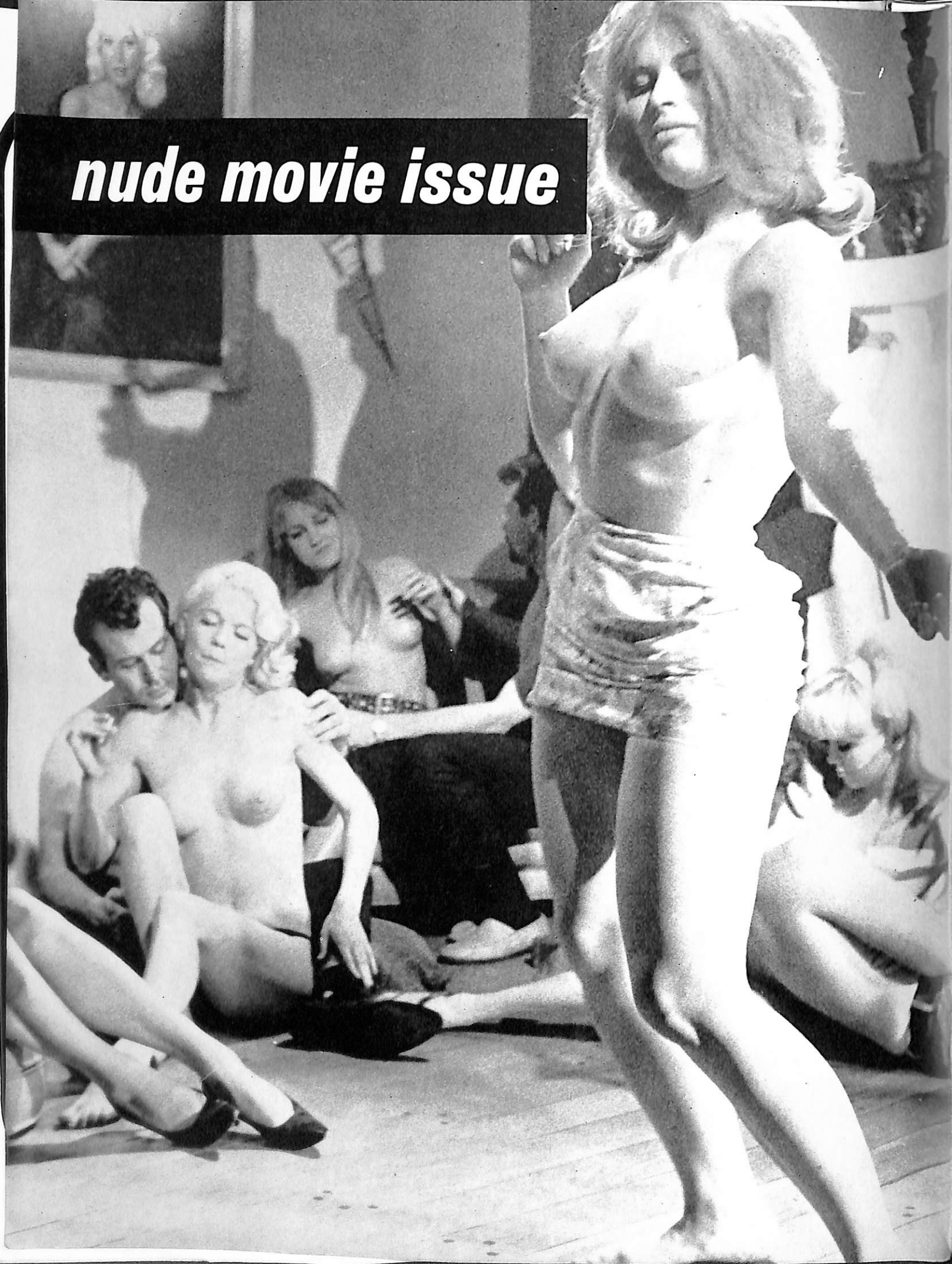
MODERN MAN[®] DELUXE QUARTERLY

nude movie issue

VOLUME 51 WINTER, 1969

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nude movie issue

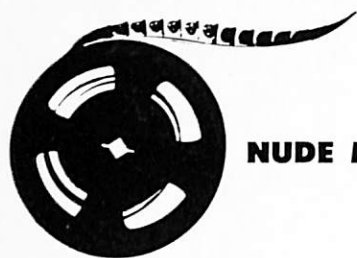




Introduction. . .

POWERFUL, PROVOCATIVE, and pulchritudinous—that just about sums up MMQ's in-depth report on the goings-on in the exciting world of Nude Movies. Flip through these pages and you'll find a veritable galaxy of sex stars begging for your attention, starting with our colorful poster girl, June Palmer. Astute photographers cover all angles of Cinema Queens Lydia Jason and Elaine Chastel, while the up-and-coming crop of 69's most sensual starlets are examined—in scrupulous detail. Then there's a look at what really happens on the psychiatrist's couch, and an epic study of how the ladies of Rome handled their slaves in the raunchiest days of the Republic. An inquisitive camera takes you behind the scene at a college party, **The Girl with the Hungry Eyes** is waiting, and—but isn't it time you discovered these things for yourself?





NUDE MOVIE ISSUE

Everything goes when Henry devours his favorite smorgasbord – and leftovers even taste great the next day





'henry ate'



WHEN A FILM'S main character has a habit of eating everything in sight — from rugs on the floor and pictures on the wall to any other tempting dish, animate or inanimate, that happens to tease his tonsils, he's bound to get a big taste of funny, as well as honey.

Such is the epicurean formula that spices up Robertson Films' *Henry Ate*, a movie that pricks a lot of taste buds in more ways than one.

And Henry does — eat, that is. Played in earthy, rousing fashion by actor Jack James, the 300-pound Henry is robust and fleshy, both in physique and appetites. In this short memorable film erected by the rising new producer-director Joe Robertson, Henry's naughty and wayward tongue just seems to get into everything. He burps and belches his way past the censors and into some of the most Rabelaisian episodes ever preserved so courageously on film.

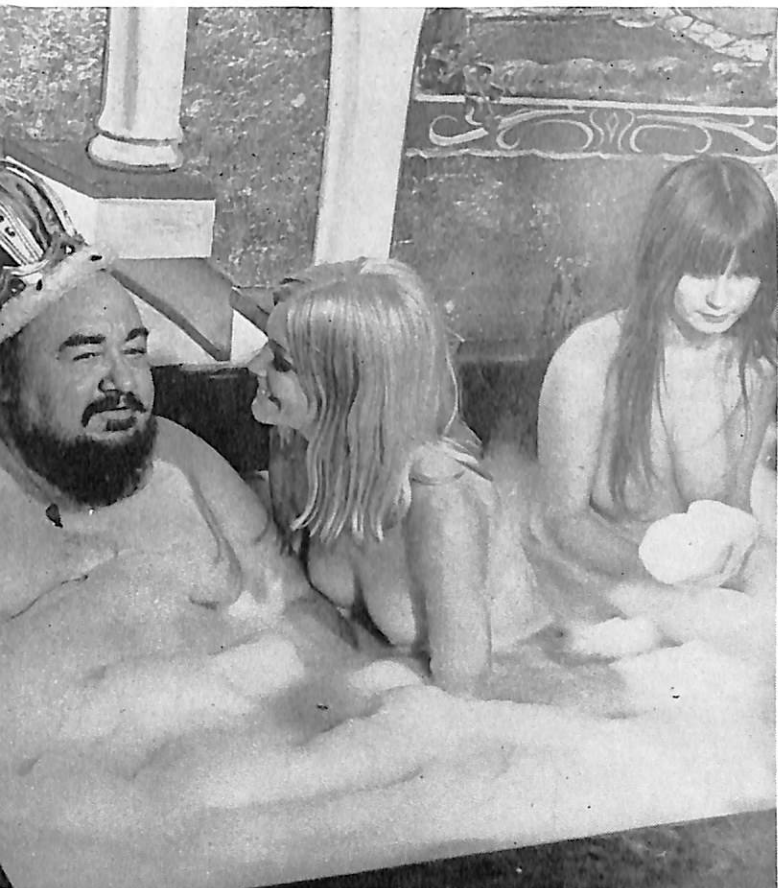
As the epic opens, our loveable and hungry Henry is working as a cook in a small hotel. Henry loves to eat, of course, but he's restricted by the sterile protocol of the management to concentrate his glutenous whims principally on his own cooking endeavors. Although Henry finds his personal cookery mighty tasty, he desires





Henry's naughty tongue just seems to get into everything; and he burps and belches his way past the censors in wild Rabelaisian style

*When Henry digs in
on a dish, every tantalizing
morsel is "out of sight."*







The girls (above) prepare to give Henry a royal going-over with tricks and treats that crown a playful king.

some new exotic dishes to munch on — and not necessarily those simmered in a skillet.

Then good fortune suddenly crowns Henry. His rich 95-year-old illegitimate step-uncle is squashed in a fatal road accident with an elephant while riding his skateboard to a Sexual Freedom League meeting. The unfortunate old man leaves an inheritance of the family castle to his bastard step-nephew Henry.

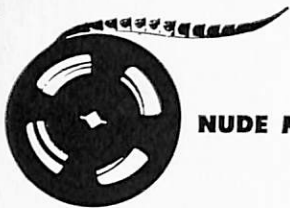
Hearing the news of his inheritance, Henry realizes that the opportunity for all his lurid dreams to come true was finally tickling his bonkers. So he sets out for the castle in four Conestoga wagons, loaded with groceries and a batch of bunnies brewing with feminine heat. As Henry's wagontrain rolls into the sunset, it's not the end, but simply the call for Henry to head for the messhall — and the most riotous scenes of *Henry Ate*.

Once settled in his castle, Henry explores the many rooms and dungeons, and discovers on a corpse in a coffin a king's robe and crown. These remnants of the castle's past glory become Henry's turn-on drag. Before gorging himself on food or girls, he first gets into his regal garb — and when Henry eats, it makes him feel like a king!

Soon, Henry learns that the wayout delicacies he's been enjoying have cost him all his coins, and that he's about to be deprived of both food for his tummy and catnip for his oversized palette. So, always thinking, Henry embarks on a plan. He throws open the castle to visitors passing in the night, and becomes the devilish proprietor of a castle hotel, called *Westward Ho*.

The hotel is an immediate success, mainly due to Henry's harem of girls. When not on gourmet duty to their king, the cuties entertain the guests in their rooms — making a bed like no maids in history.

Too much of a good thing can be wonderful — but, unfortunately, Henry's good thing eventually gets the best of him. He succumbs one night, right in the middle of a big mouthful, and alas, Henry ate — no more . . . ♦



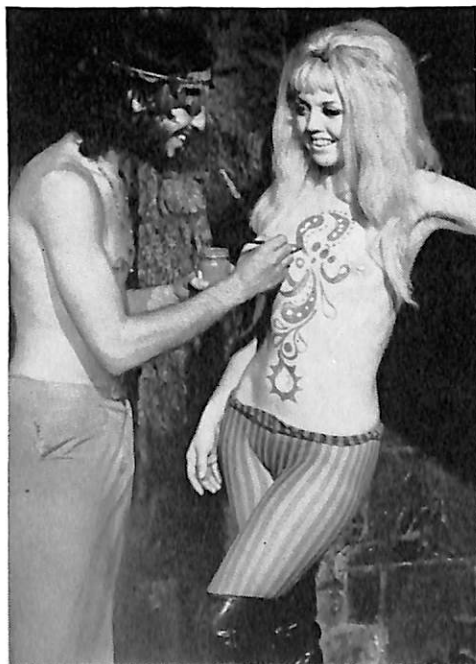
IN THE LAST few years since the emergence of hippy power as both a distorting as well as a channeling influence on teenie-boppers and even some staunch middy-boppers, the psychedelic film has raised its turned-on head. Two of the most praiseworthy movies of this variety, *The Trip* with Peter Fonda and Conrad Rock's *Chapoqua*, were serious studies of "tripping along" the route to inner enlightenment and personal pleasure; but never before has a film-maker attempted such a wild, way-out plunge into pure Panama Red panic as, *Please Don't Smoke The Grass On The White House Lawn!*

Grassheads, meth-heads, and all kinds of heads filtered out of their flower-power pads for the filming of this very independent production. Everyone seemed to know about its inception except the shrubbery dicks and sparrow chasers (park police). The only straight cat in the area was the cameraman, while the hippies, actors and actresses included, were stoned all the way to their red eyeballs.

The movie is a real happening, filled with those events that do not necessarily change and illuminate our times, but does illustrate for all missing links coming out of a square bag what it's like to groove on pot, drop a little acid, and fireball on speed (methedrine). Prepare your-

'freak out'

*Spicy flick flips over pot
and acid heads in a hippy hop
through the LSD garden*



Like taking off in psychedelic orbit, man—there's nothing better. Especially when there just happens to be a flock of birds flying with you in the hallucinatory skies of LSD, to guarantee a sexcessful trip.





The smoking lamp is lit (left opposite), and a puff on this Turkish waterpipe makes the cats feel like it's summertime, when the freaking is easy . . .

self for an excursion into a hippy fairyland that your chromosomes may never forget!

The film is somewhat stingy in plotline — but then, it's intended solely as a psychedelic romp into the nether world of freak outs and hallucinatory flights, where the inner eye, awakened by hash or LSD, finally sees. The film hopes to instruct and help all straight cats who spend their drab, workaday lives just living up a tree, where their righteous foundling fathers put them.

The basic theme of the film is this: No one has ever taught you how to find out where life is really at, or how to look through your own eyes without relying on the narrow anemic guidelines of church and state, and how to experience the boozeless pleasure of "just feeling good, man." Now, with hippy help, you can shed your vines of boredom and discontent, explode that bulb of phony morality in your bebe, latch onto a pretty young bird, AND FLY!

Please Don't Smoke The Grass On The White House Lawn attempts to teach the average square nothingball how to think for himself. An admittedly difficult task, even for these swinging producers, but not necessarily an impossible one.

"Until you've lit up your first Acapulco Gold or Panama Red joint," says Gustave Jones, producer-director, "you'll never know what color anything is, or what food really tastes like, or what sex is like erupting from the depth of your soul. The squares with their trick bags



think they've experienced all these things — food, color, sex — but they haven't. Not in their full blooming entirety. Why, even I — before turning on for the first time — thought I understood what these things were all about. But I didn't. Once I blew my mind, I was born into a brand new world — the world of my own senses, squares are too blue-nosed to taste, see, and feel, in a way the squares aren't afraid that we'll hurt ourselves or society on drugs; they're simply fearful we might see through that little curtain of sham they clutch around themselves to keep the light of truth out of their eyes!"

Most of the freaky folk connected with the film feel the same as Jones. Although they all admit that the movie is a satiric romp through a minority world, they hope that somewhere in all those movie houses, there might be one person who sees the film and is saved from the world of monotony they've stultified in for so long — and then turn on and join the stoneables.

As producer Jones so eloquently puts it, "It is a far, far better thing we do than we have ever done. It is a far, far groovier place we go than we have ever known." ♦





NUDE MOVIE ISSUE



All kinds of “heads” came out of their flower power pads to make this swinging movie – the only straight cat around was the camera man





NUDE MOVIE ISSUE



The fraternity party hits a bouncy high note as the girls (left, above) perform the latest collegiate crazes, "The Titty Tango Trip."

HIGHER EDUCATION nowadays includes area probing our fore-mothers would have found particularly ticklish. Gone are the days of the uptight girdle, the ankle drooping dress, and the "look ma, no hands" routine adhered to by proper young plumcakes. "*College Girls*" strips away all the old decorum and plunges you behind the scenes and under the covers with our progressive youth. And it's an eyeopener.

Anything goes today — from therapeutic abortions in biology class to co-educational latrines. According to Father Horhound, head of a clergy committee exploring hanky-panky conduct at American universities, "The college campus has become nothing but an outhouse; and if our young people can't learn to keep their clothes on, and constantly allow the devil to pull their pants down, they'll be heading for a bellyful of trouble. College people must stop putting their noses where they don't belong — and keep them to the educational grindstone. If they continue with this outrageous behavior, how do they expect to handle a second coming?"

"*College Girls*" tries religiously to illustrate just what happens to our kids once they trip off to college. Movie-

'college girls'

goers may find the film shocking; but what better way to warn innocent parents of the moral quicksand awaiting their baby boys and girls in the halls of ivy? If these kids aren't careful, they could get pricked!

The producers of the film feel that parents should be forewarned just who and what their offsprings may get into on campus. Only in this manner can they be saved from sex, drugs, and whoopee, and learn to live a really fun life revolving on the rewarding payment play of marriage, lifetime job, mortgage, and responsibility.

As the film opens, the Lambda Sigma Delta (LSD) fraternity is enjoying that time-honored pastime for the release of sadistic and masochistic tendencies — the initiation. Co-educational, of course. An apprehensive young boy with the odd name of Wistful has been chosen to get the business. The playful boys and girls foist nauseating drinks and feces swallowing on the victim, and everyone except Wistful, has a voyeuristic good time.

The professor and Mrs. Bryce join the festivities; and the professor and one of his sexy students get hotly involved in a bathtub — and no one even bothers to throw cold water on them. The professor's wife, however, shows herself extremely reluctant to entertain the old prof himself, and everyone wonders why.

The answer is revealed shortly thereafter, Sexpot Jane is writhing on the floor in drugged ecstasy, and her uninhibited motions arouse the beast in Harry, the virile captain of the tiddlywinks team. He pounds his chest

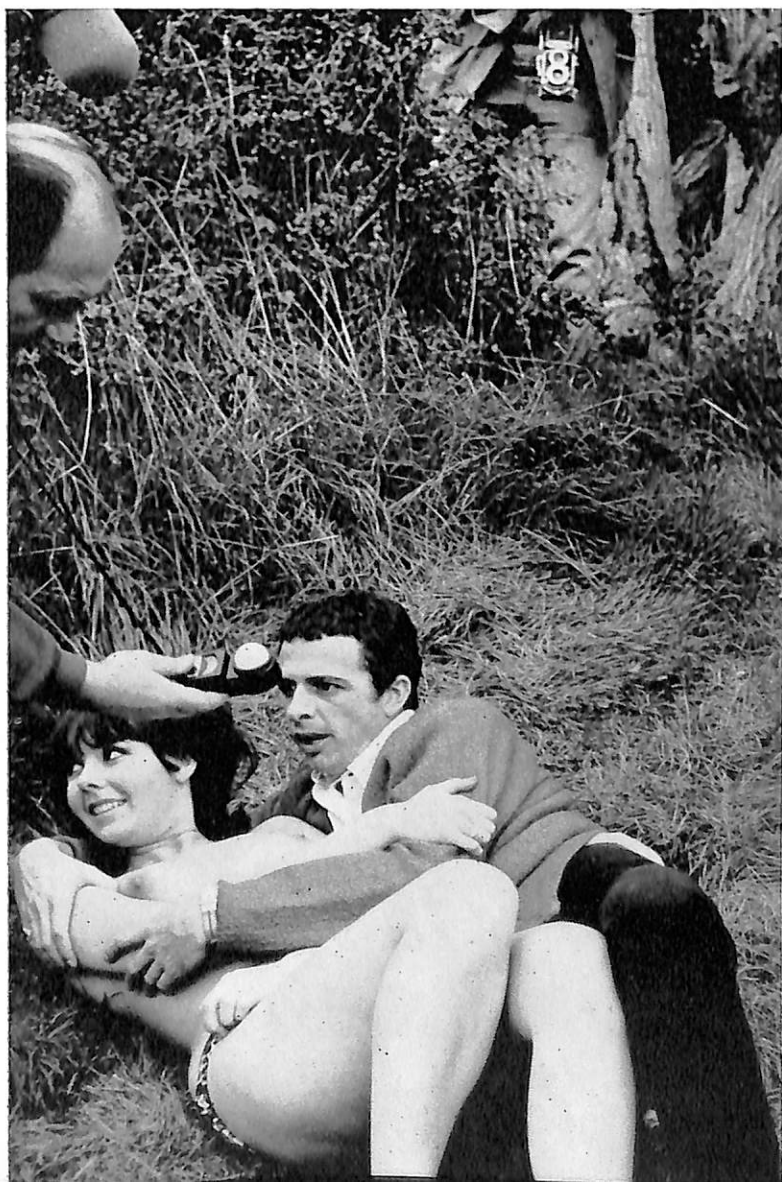
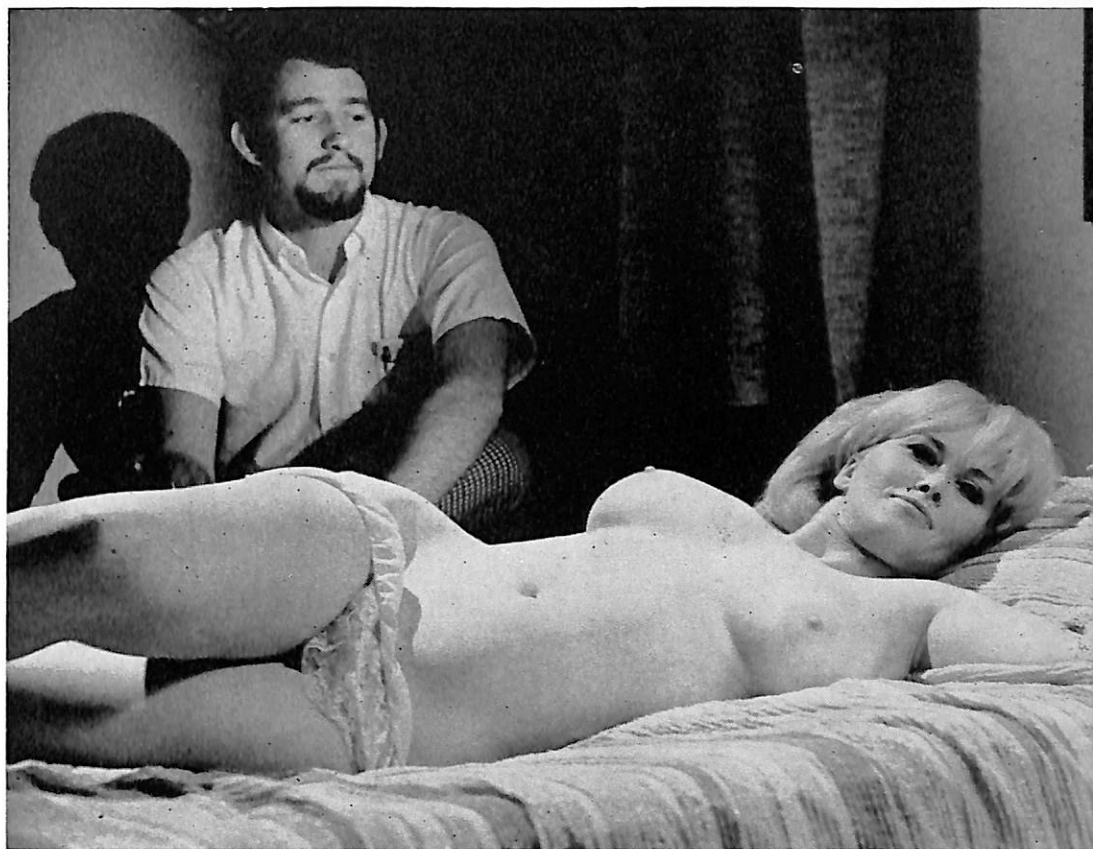


NUDE MOVIE ISSUE



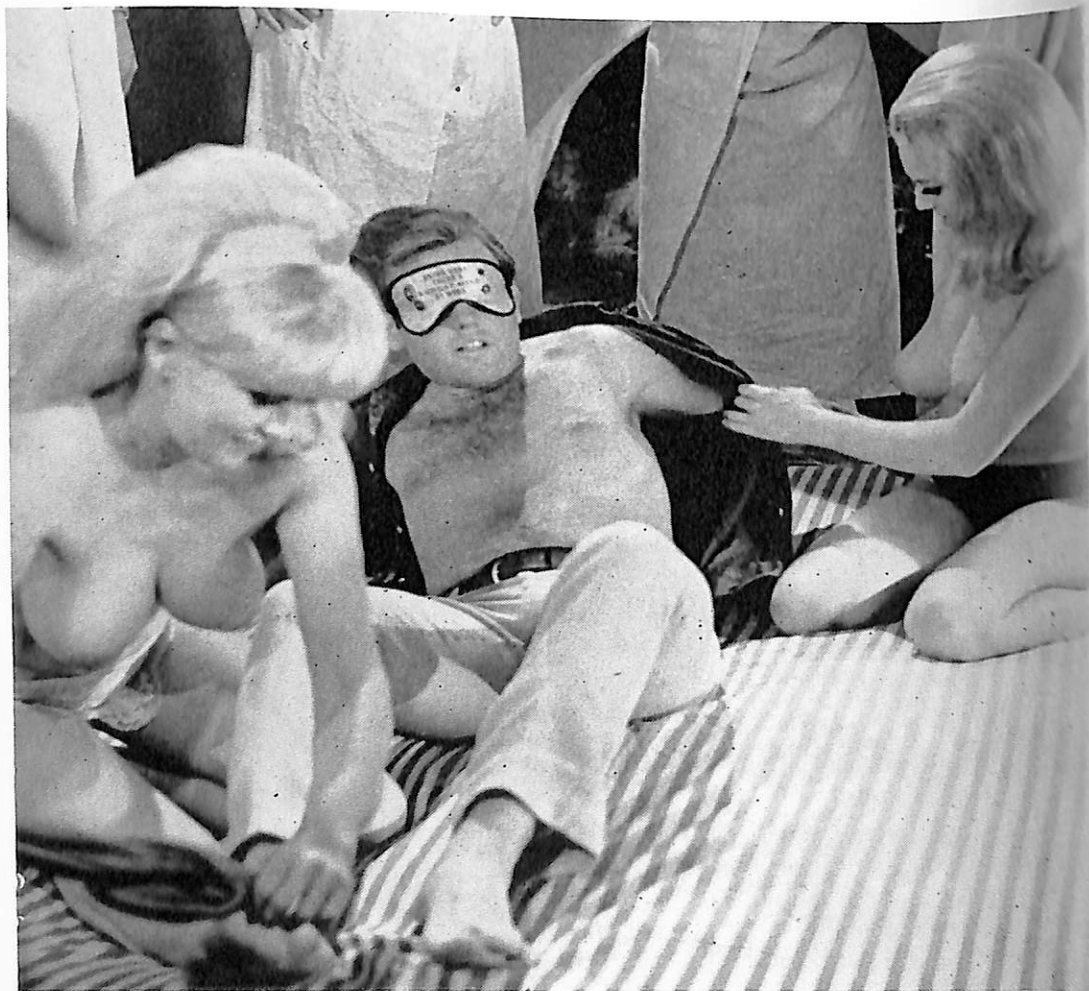
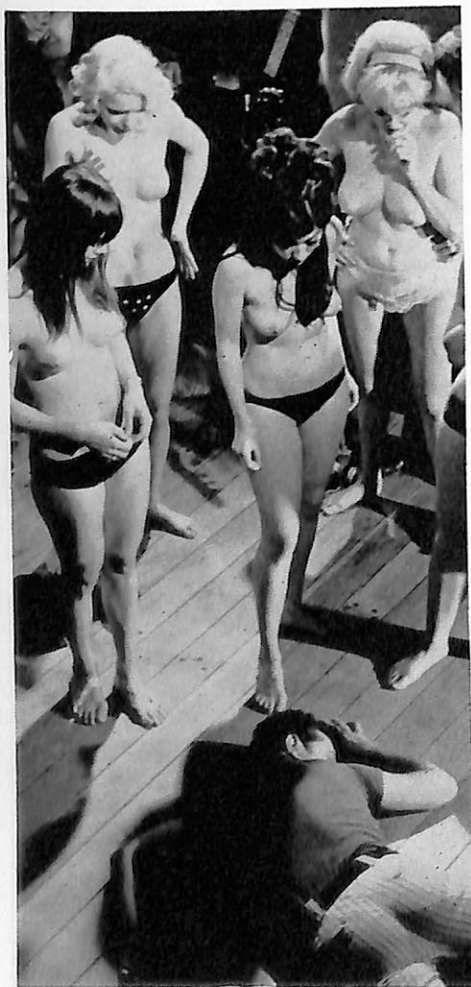
*Relaxing by the fireplace (left),
the collegiates discuss
the hazards of mountain climbing.
Interrupted by a candid camera,
this couple (below) try desperately
to get a hold on themselves —
and each other.*

*Two curvaceous cuties (bottom
right) watch as their professor
gives an informal bedroom biology
lesson; while a thinking couple
(right) wonders where it will
all end.*





*Presented to the girls as a sacrificial lamb,
a fraternity member (bottom right)
is stripped and prepared for his fate.*





and carries the helplessly stoned chick off to an upstairs bedroom. Jane recovers enough to attempt to drive hungry Harry off, but what chance does the poor child have? By the time Mrs. Bryce, the professor's wife, hears her penetrating screams and rushes to the bedroom, Jane's loaded panties have been ripped from her luscious body and Harry is really getting into the spirit of things.

And then the impossible happens. The sight of the Professor's wife and her suggested authority make Harry's horn blow a real blue note, and he falls off the bed in fright.

Unhappy Harry splits the scene; but flaming urges are still present. We discover now why the professor has so much trouble putting the make on his old lady. Mrs. Bryce climbs in bed with Jane, soothing her with caresses, kisses, and sweet murmurings. At first, Jane is quite receptive to the soothing — after almost getting her olive plucked by Harry — but then is shocked by the discovery of the hunger behind Mrs. Bryce's advances. Then, getting the feel of things, Jane matches the sweet seduction with her own simmering passion; and the professor's wife and student are soon inseparable in the sack. And who says there's a lack of communication between generations nowadays?

"College Girls" is definitely not for viewing by little old ladies sitting on a censorship board; but for college dropouts, who haven't learned all they should, this movie is a real education. ●



***Bullets, babes, and assassins
clash in an oriental
underworld bloodbath***

'japan's no. 1 killer'





Indulging in a shower with a killer (left), doesn't take the worry out of being close; but once dried off (below), the heroine quickly gains the upper hand.



A LEADING newspaper once noted that no people in the world have a taste for blood-letting and skull-fracturing like the Japanese. This can certainly be evidenced in the vast amount of freedom achieved by Japanese film-makers since the war, when movies were under the strict supervision of the government.

Today, the movie industry is unfettered by the chains of restraint, and Japanese movies are indicative of the modern age in which we live.

"*Japan's No. 1 Killer*," a new Nikkatsu film, out-Bonds the hardness of James Bond, and its girls out-slay Matt Helm's Slaygirls.

The film centers on the final days of a lonely killer, who wanders in the darkness of his life seeking a vain victory.

Doing a take-off on the current crop of super-heroes against countless villains, this Japanese film shows the action from the killer's point of view. The ambition of the starring killer-for-hire, who is rated No. 3, is to become No. 1; but his efforts come to naught, dying in a lurid gun-battle when victory seems about to be achieved.

The story packs a king-sized wallop, tearing away the



fabled glamour of the world of those who enjoy wealth without working for it.

Without a doubt, the outstanding attraction of the film lies in the sensational nude scenes of two of the eight female killers seeking the life of the hero.

Both of these killers are voluptuous beauties. Anne Mari, a new face in Japanese films, is an Indo-Japanese half-breed, destined to love the hero and, in turn, to be killed by his hand. Miss Mari may fall short in measurements by American standards; but while wiggling in at 33½-21-33½, her 105 pounds of sweet distribution make her an appealing oriental rice-cake.

The other female killer, Mariko Ogawa, checks in at 100 pounds even and 33-25-33. But as with Miss Mari, don't be misled by the statistics. She knows how to use what she's got. Miss Ogawa portrays the hero's wife — and when she's not consoling him or encouraging him to kill, she is plotting his death.

The movie is loaded with gimmicks in the James Bond style, as the hero continues to out-think and out-best his enemies until the very last reel. Reaching the end of the line — and the movie — the hero faces his fate alone and forsaken.

Without moralizing or preaching, *"Japan's No. 1 Killer"* takes a harsh look at the people who live outside the normal boundaries of society.



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Displaying one of the longest guns in town, the hero-killer (left) enjoys making a bullet-riddled mess of everyone in sight.

Girls fall easily (far left) for the hard working hero; but he's quick to grab a pleasing replacement (below) and carry her to the heights.



Loaded up with the right equipment and ammunition, it's easy for these two alluring rice-cakes (above) to command attention.

After a hard day at the studio, Ginny Hamilton (left) relaxes on something soft, while Kellie Evers (right) prefers to rub the ivories.



the sex stars: 1969

TELESCOPES UP! It's time once again to peep into the star-strudled sky of Hollywood and focus a beady eye on those satellite sweeties whose lucky number is 69. Yes, that is the year the girls with the greatest gravitational pull in the universe will straddle the red hot asteroids of success and shoot off to stardom.

A lot of Hollywood bigwigs are expected to stretch their necks after catching a glimpse of the tails on these comely comets!

Previewed in these pages are the girls most likely to pluck the golden apples in the Hollywood sun. So cop a quick-peeking plea at the luscious stars of tomorrow while they still have all their clothes off; once they reach the movie screen, some of their greatest charms will be lost

in the transition to clothing. Bone up now, while the bountiful belles are showing off all the way into the outer limits.

The best is not yet to come. It's here! Each one of these precious pets has been carefully screened and tested by our panel of perspiring experts — and selected on her natural talents, charm, neatness, clean living habits, continuity, and beauty.

Once chosen, each girl was given a fast rush to Hollywood and delivered into the hands of an interested producer. After that, these stars of tomorrow were strictly on their own, to prove their class and talent.

The latest report indicates Hollywood is now loaded with a lot of pleased producers.







The Hollywood neighbors of Ingrid Simpson (far left) always get a charge when she comes to the door. A solid brick apartment is home away from home for Molly Dunn (left), while Suzy Conway (bottom) digs fresh air and camping outdoors every night.





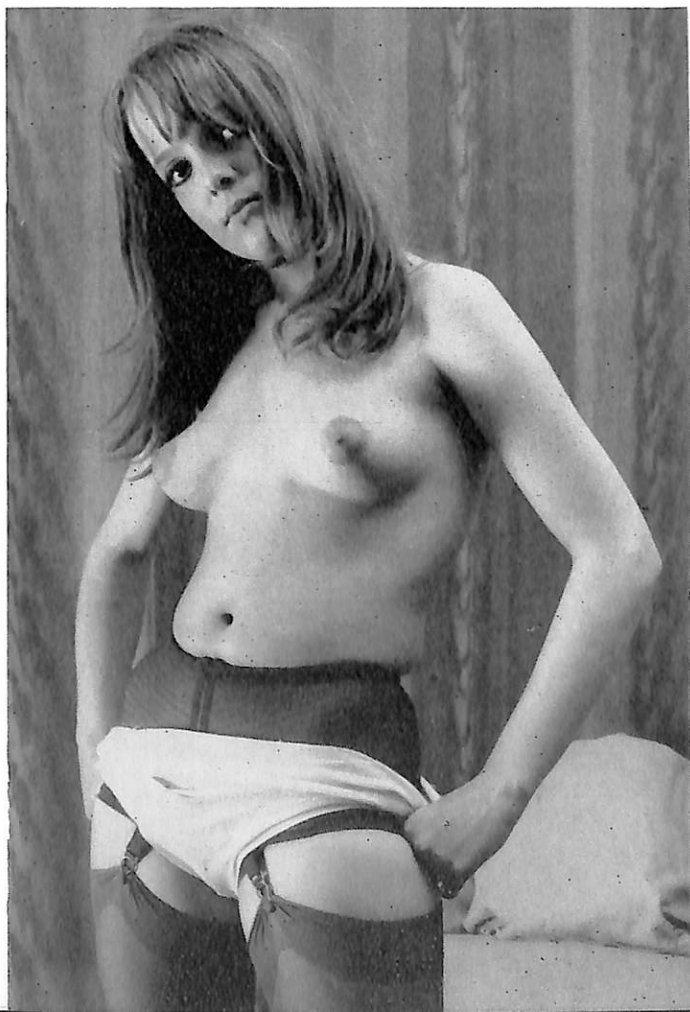


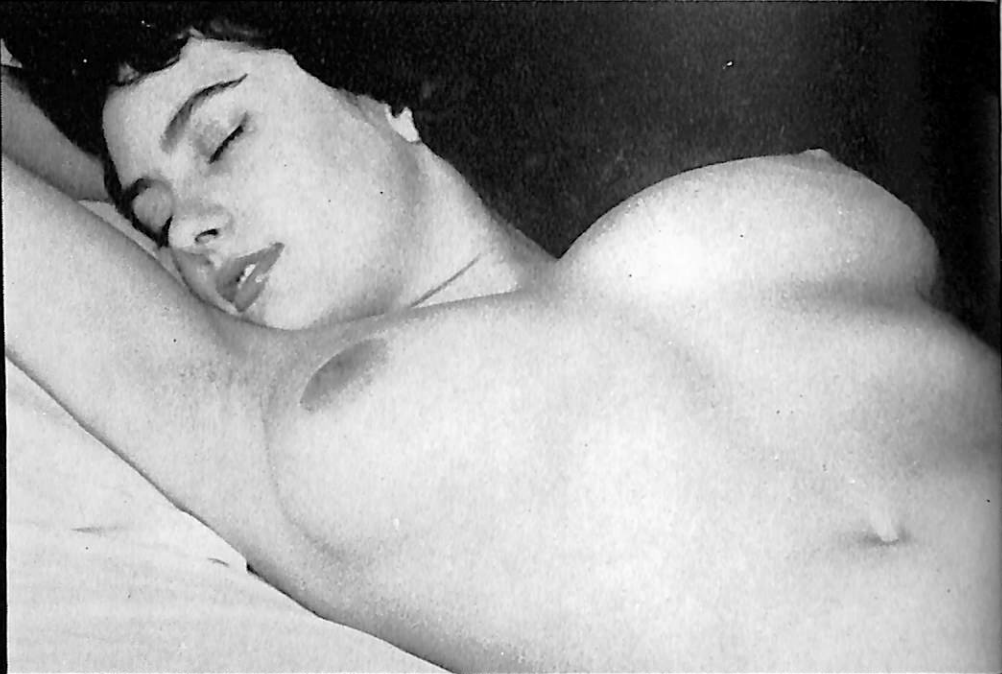
When Dorothy Roome (left) escaped from behind the iron curtain and crashed Hollywood, she decided never again would anyone put a lock on her personal business.

Sailing buffs Angela Deneuve (left) and Ulla (below) both "blow the men down" when they strut on deck in their nautical briefs.



Gina Dair (above) believes "honesty is the best policy," and she exposes her true personality at every turn.





june palmer:

***super
sex
star*** ☆★



WHEN YOU'RE looking for sheep and a gorgeous shepherdess like June Palmer happens to be patrolling the flock, even an Aussie down-under could go asunder glimpsing June's 37-24-36 dimensions. And that's no baa-baa!

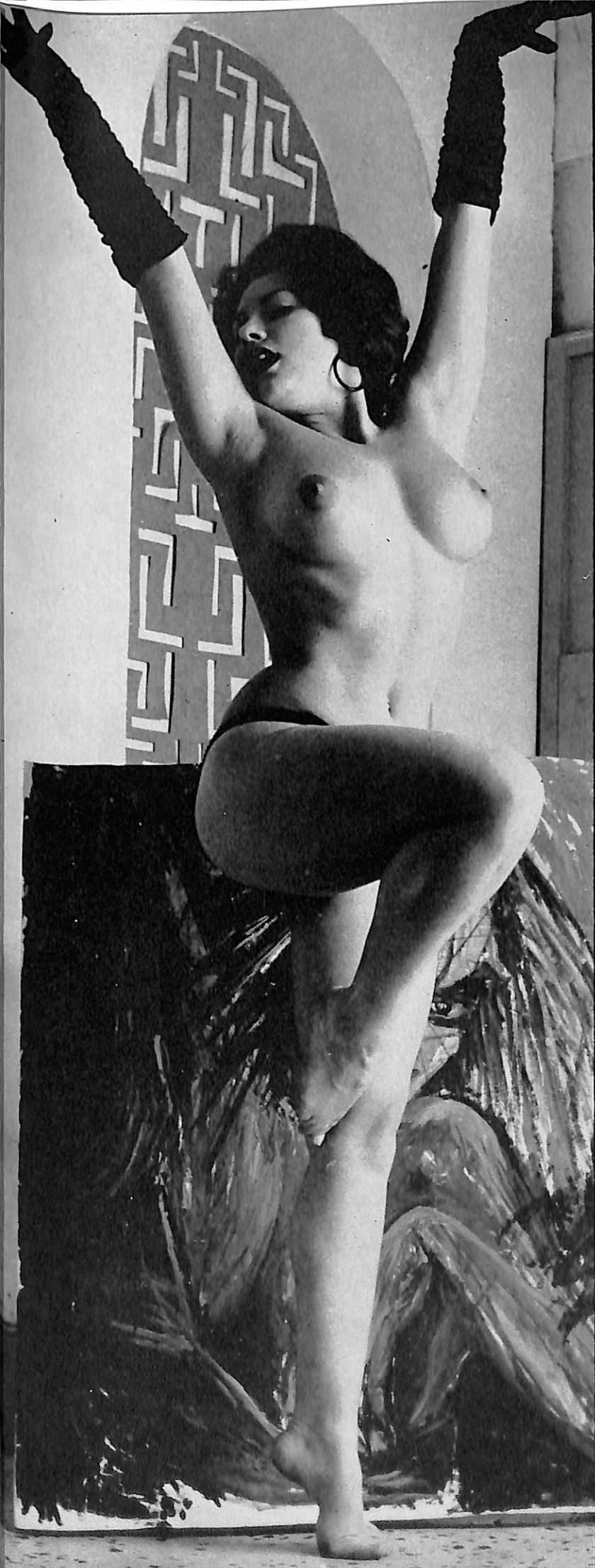
Working the summer on an Australian sheep ranch, June was discovered while bringing in the woolies by a vacationing Hollywood talent scout. She was signed right there in the sheep pen to a movie contract.













'loves of a psychiatrist'

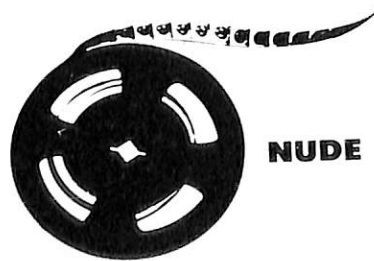
A PSYCHIATRIST with a big bad psyche can upend a platoon of beautiful patients with hungry libidos — and that is exactly what happens in *"Loves Of A Psychiatrist,"* a movie that propels the doctor out of his chair of analysis and up on the couch.

Ben Casey and Dr. Kildare never had a bedside manner quite like Dr. Clitwaggle, a diddibop of a doc who gets into a patient's mind via the Freudian canal usually reserved for hanky panky.

"Physician, heal thyself" would seem at first glance to be the central point of *"Loves of a Psychiatrist"* — but that's before Dr. Clitwaggle's extracurricular activities are thrown open to viewing by the fuzz and he is denounced as a complete charlatan. Preceding the bad doctor's punitive slap on his big problem, he has a whale of a time exploiting his luscious patients with a harpoon that doesn't know when to quit.

Characteristics of Dr. Clitwaggle's analytical technique is his earthy approach to the case of Mrs. Voorhees, a gorgeous lady with a proclivity for getting snared in a beastie's lair. She comes to the prickly practitioner for psychiatric help, lies down on his vibrating couch, and bares her bosom, revealing all her long kept secrets and indiscretions. Soon Dr. Clitwaggle has gathered all the tidbits of information he needs on Mrs. Voorhees' life, and rubs his chubby hands together with fiendish expectation over the goodies he now has the power to acquire.

When Dr. Clitwaggle lays the facts on Mrs. Voorhees, she realizes that, by sharing her innermost secrets with



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The ardent patient (above) has already lost her Freudian slip — and if she isn't careful, the efficient doctor will start probing more than her mind.

Snatching a bird's-eye view of his patient's enigma, the enterprising doctor (below) whips up a speedy prognosis.



The psychiatrist (above) joins a perky patient on the analysis couch, hoping to dispel all her fears and hostilities.



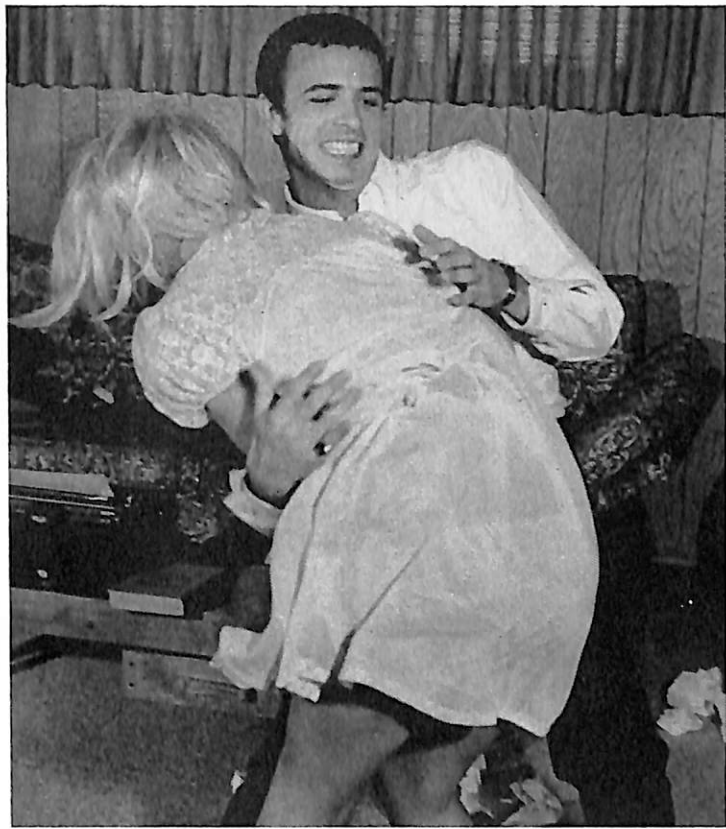
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the licentious doc, she's made a gigantic boo-boo. When Dr. Clitwaggle threatens to enlighten her pious husband about her past conduct with other men, Mrs. Voorhees has no choice but to submit to all his beastly desires. And the bad doctor comes strictly from the progressive school for making it, and employs some of the most bizarre methods ever conceived for getting his oar in.

When violated and degraded Mrs. Voorhees leaves the doctor's office, she acknowledges that going to such a kooky psychiatrist in the first place was definitely a no-no.

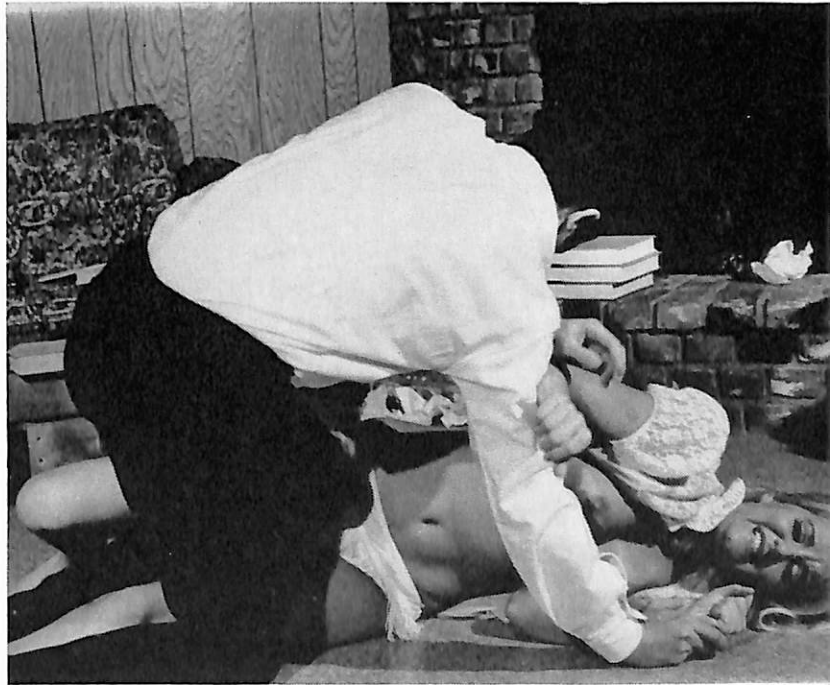
The doctor finally blows his cool when he peeps in the wrong porthole. He witnesses the sweet ecstasy of a young girl twitching in love throes with her boy friend. This scene, of course, makes Dr. Clitwaggle's bristle stand right up, and he crashes the party. Slightly off his cork with uncon-

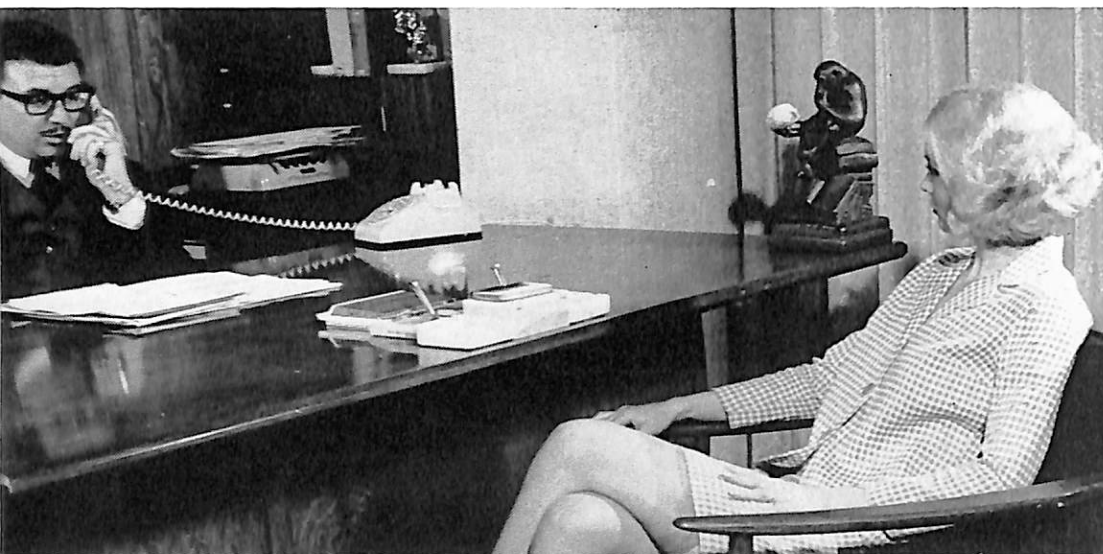




The psychiatrist (left, bottom) finds that all his medical knowledge stands up to the test once he gets his hands on a patient's problem.

Sometimes a girl doesn't accept down-to-earth analysis, and the doctor must resort to persuasion (left), clothing removal (below), and forcible entry (bottom) to make his point.





This psychiatrist (left) conducts a little medical business on the telephone before getting down to monkey business with a new client.

A dedicated practitioner usually gets a bang out of his work, while this demented doc (right and below) merely gets a bump.



trolled passion, the bad doctor bops the boy on his Buster Brown haircut, seizes the screaming young thing, and proceeds to tear her clothes off.

While the doctor struggles with the object of his affection, the stunned boy recovers and executes a record breaking dash out of the house. Dr. Clitwaggle controls the wiggling cutie into just the wayout position he likes best, when the boy scoots back in, followed by the men in blue. They interrupt Dr. Clitwaggle's huffing and puffing and carry him screaming for "just one minute more" off to the pokey. ●



NUDE MOVIE ISSUE

GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST! We're back to the days of the Romans, when everybody had the time—and talents—to throw off his toga and plunge into the pool for some watery fun and games.

And why did anybody who was anybody in the Empire enjoy flocking into the aqua? Well, it wasn't merely for a refreshing dip after breakfast, as you can see. Nor was it inspired by an all-consuming passion for cleanliness. Rather, the senators, consuls, praetors—and emperors—found that the invigorating water was a sure-fire way to inspire their friends to fun.

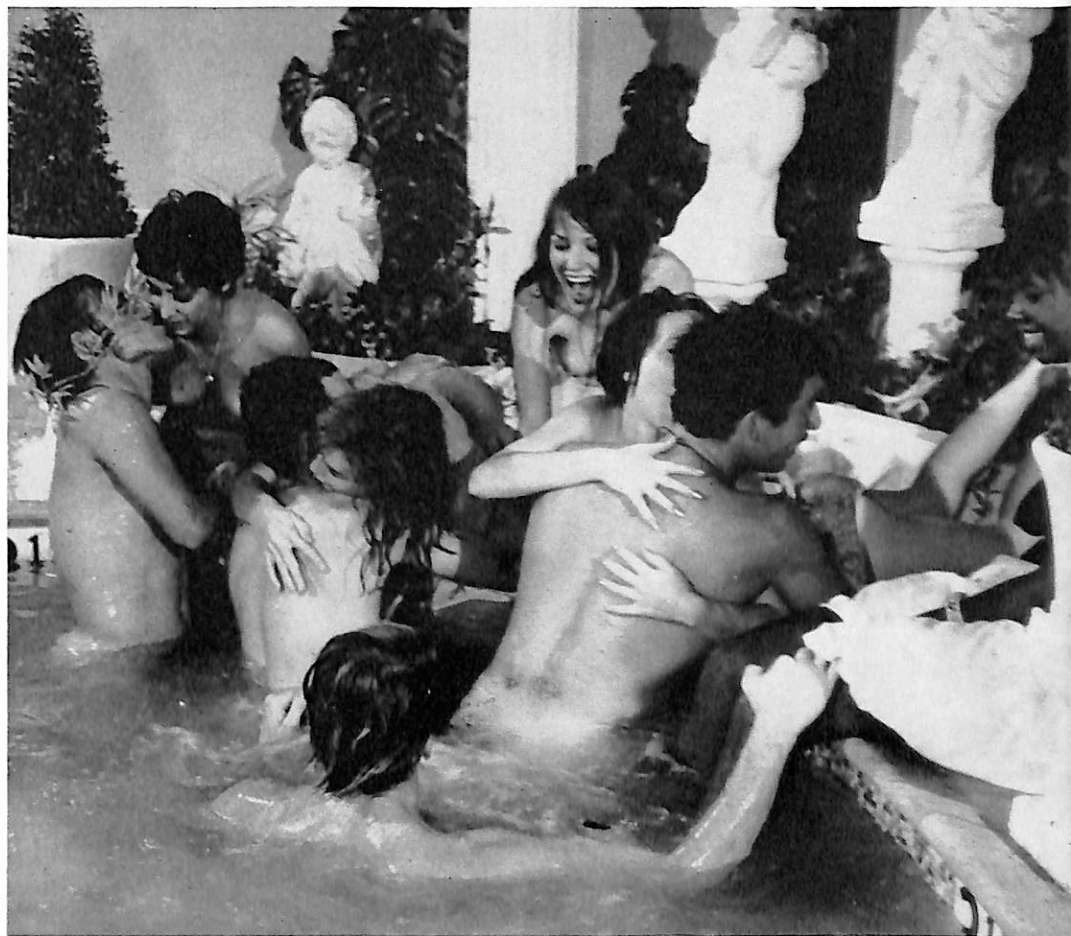
Think of it—what could be more delightful after a 12-course meal spiced with seven or eight goblets of wine than to roll off your coach into the arms of a sportive nymph, who could, with a few deft maneuvers, take away your case of the blahs.

But then—the surprise of the evening. A male concubine, fresh from capture in the Eastern provinces, is pulled into the melee. This unfortunate fellow has had his tongue torn out, and so has nothing to say about what subsequently happens to him.

First off, he is pulled around by the girls to show off his helpless condition. Then these amorous and aroused ladies start kissing the astonished mute, and in this blissful condition he is badgered into the bath.

Now for the climax of this night of happy hedonism. The girls jump in after him for a splash party, immediately followed by the four heroes who have completely forgotten their military victories and are hot after conquests of another kind.

There then occurs an orgy of the first water, with slaves, heroes, and all mixing it up in a grand aquacade



'torrid toga'

A dip backward into the days—and nights—of the Romans

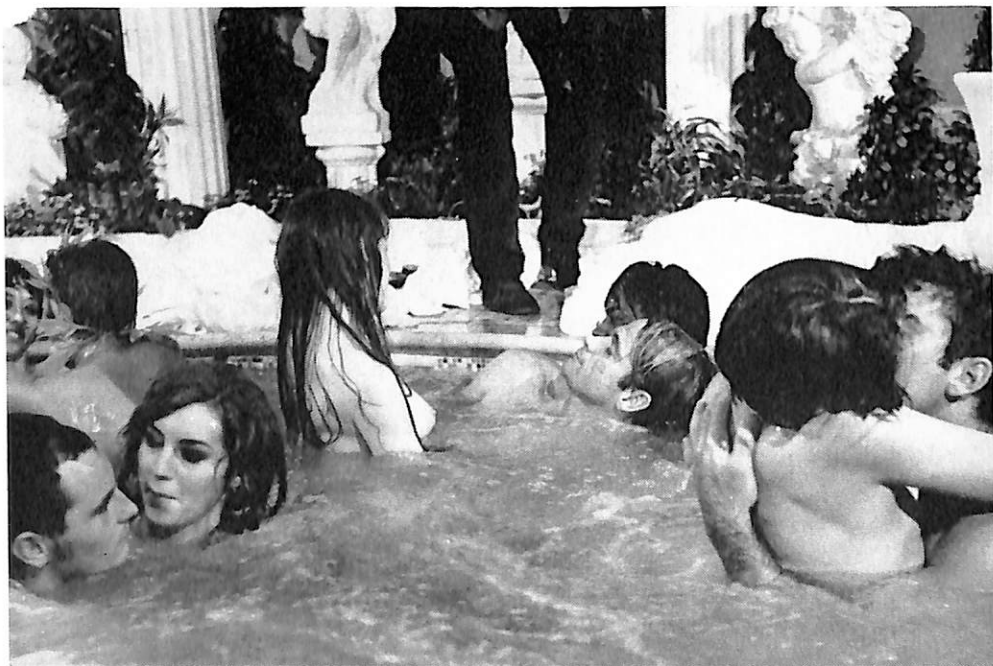


of equality. Indeed, *Torrid Toga* is one film that proves the classes will eventually find a way to unite!

But enough of historical reminiscences—how about this modern cinematic reality? From where we sit, it sure looks like the movie-makers who produced this watery epic were hip that a gripping plot could emanate from these antique bath house frolics.

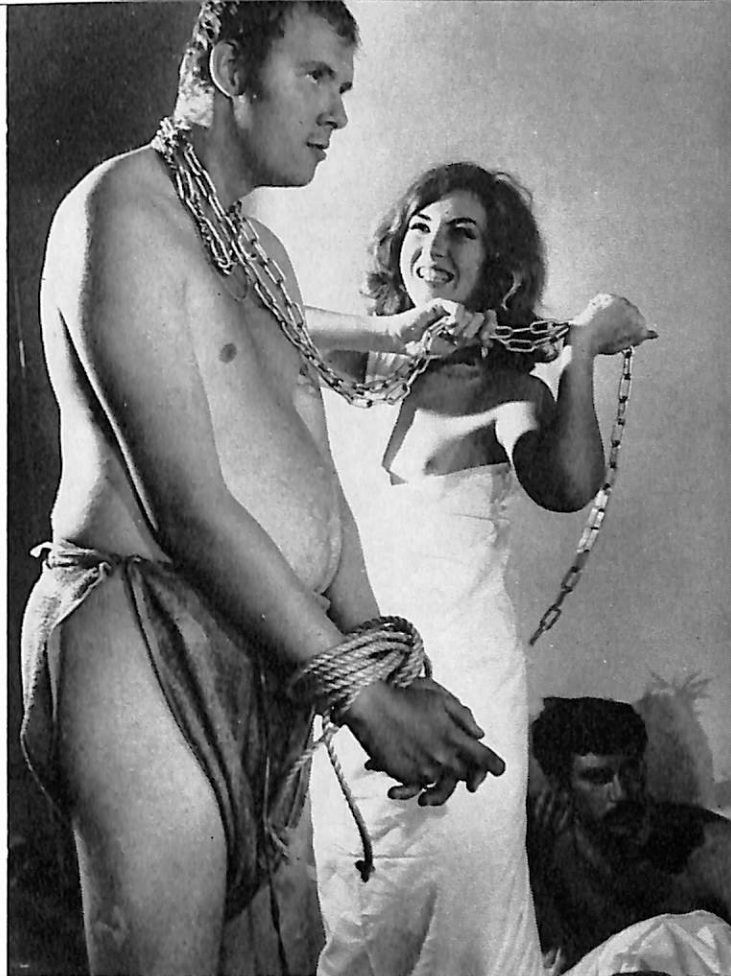
And so a ten-minute nude flick entitled *Torrid Toga*, the story of four legionnaires returned from victories in far-off Gaul, whom great Caesar decides to reward with a variety of diverting entertainments.

As the party opens, our four brave fellows are discussing their military exploits. Enter four beautiful and well-built maidens—in togas—bringing food and drink to these honored heroes of the Empire. After a good meal and



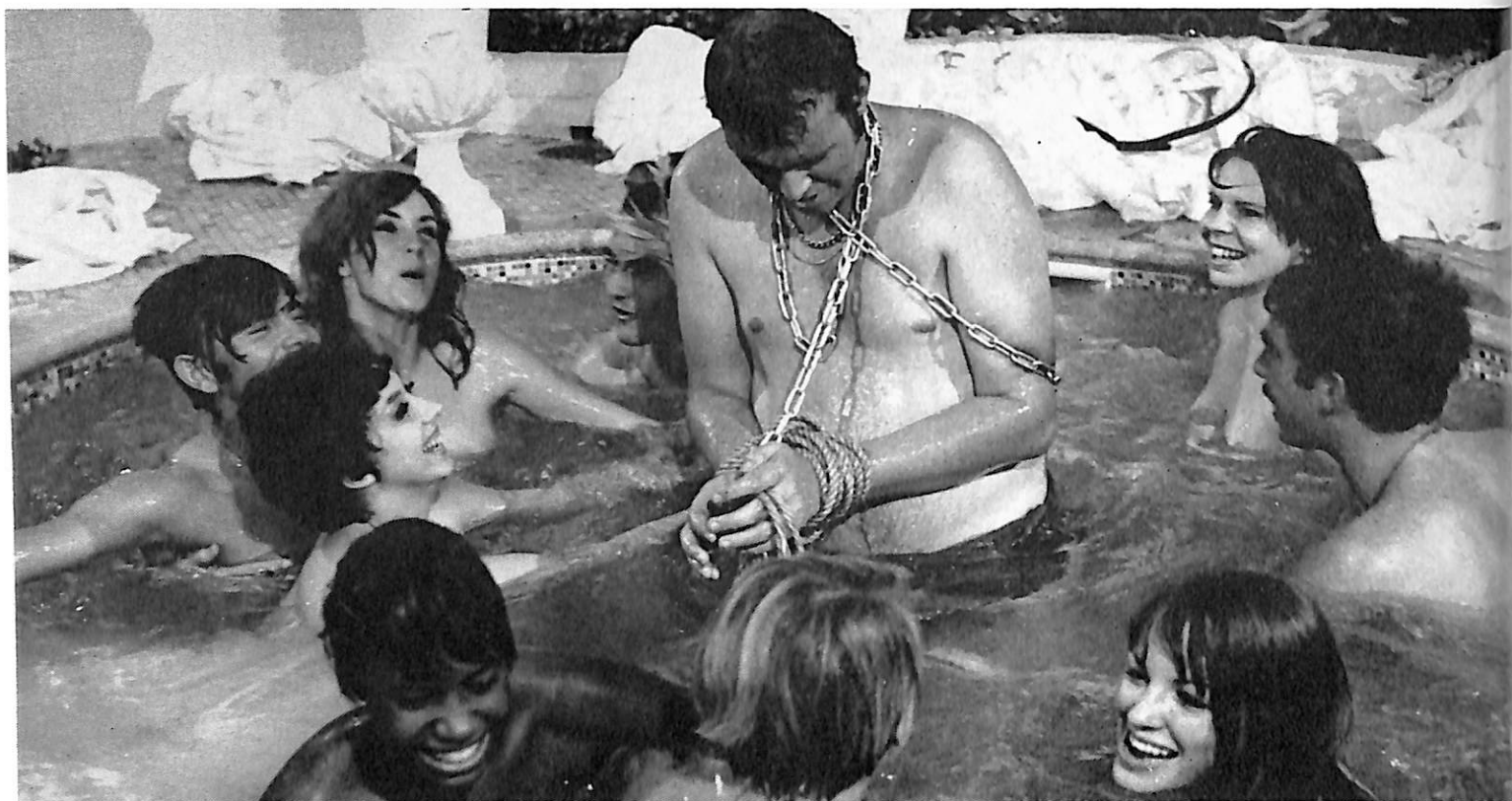
"Pity the poor captive who no longer breathes the air of freedom, now bound in heavy chains of brass and led in triumph through the streets." So wrote a humanitarian chronicler of the days when Rome was Master of the World — but it's obvious that do-gooder never cast in his lots with the male concubine in Torrid Toga!

It's a real experience to follow the changing expressions of this guy as he's pushed around by just about everybody. And up to this point, you can't tell whether he likes being in or out of a somewhat enviable position.





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But our shackled hero finally looks like he enjoys being in the swim, and about this time he's probably figuring out a way to get out of bounds and stop being the underdog.





No such luck—the unfortunate slave is left holding his chains while the soldiers get the girls in the end. Moral: When in Rome, you better try and do as the Romans do—even if they won't let you.



a little love, a Nubian slave comes around to pour some more wine into the works.

In a little while things really get moving, with the four boys, the four girls, and the Nubian slave all getting into the action.

In conclusion, these empirical antics continue until all parties concerned are in a state of exhaustion. And so ends this fish-eye view of the Night Life of the Romans.

Perhaps it may be interesting to note that the director of *Torrid Toga* is appropriately named I. Caesar, making this picture a real classic.

Also, that the number 3½ is prominently displayed on the side of the pool, indicating that none of the actors could get in over their heads.

Hey, wait a minute—shouldn't that number be III½?





NUDE MOVIE ISSUE

When a well-stacked checkout girl meets a well-hung store manager, the fresh cherries are ripe for picking

'after hours'

THERE IS something decidedly sensual about a supermarket. The mixed messages from the boxes of Tide and "Special K" are relayed in an atmosphere electric with the romantic aromas of various rolls, melons, tomatoes and onions. It is a fine atmosphere to turn on the object of one's amorous pursuits. It is indeed an atmosphere where, given the right circumstances, innocence is lost to passion.

Love in the Supermarket is more than just a movie fantasy. It is the true reason why lights are seen burning in the back rooms long after the markets have closed. It is the answer to what the manager and check out girl, emerging from the stockroom red faced and looking just a bit too disheveled, have been doing while you impatiently waited with your pound of ground round. *Love in the Supermarket* is a throbbing, peeling, stroking by-product of the supermarkets sex-charged atmosphere.

The check-out girl you see *was* innocent. She seems to be the sweet, virginal college girl type making her way through a summer job. She is the type, in fact, that had once taken pride in her effort to remain unbroken until her wedding night.

The friendly manager *was* a family man, and *was* fully involved in the making of a comfortable home for wife and children.

But these two relative innocents became entangled in the atmospheric foreplay of the supermarket. It was in the stockroom that her virginity had been lost before she was aware of anything but her passion. He had thrust himself upon her and into her without a thought of home, children and reputation.

On her very first day as a check-out girl she sensed that she was headed for a ball in the back room. And though in the past she had experienced little trouble keeping herself intact, she knew now that she would lose her maidenhead atop a case of corn flakes — and there was nothing she could or wanted to do about it.





*The plot is quite simple:
The store has just closed
and he and she are about to
get what they've been wanting
all day. Behind the
locked doors of the stockroom
her clothing falls away, and
foreplay games are played
with delightful abandon.*



*Little does the unsuspecting
viewer know that what appears
to be a handshake is but a fore
shadowing of all the skin that
will touch before this couple
has done with their hot little
back of the store games, grabs
and sexy little tricks with hands,
mouths, legs and the obvious.*





The name of the game is now "getting down to the real nitty-gritty" as the stockroom lovers move closer to copulation (tune in next week). Though the stockroom may not appear the most practical place for this sort of thing, this sort of thing is not uncommon in stockrooms.



He, the manager, discovered from the first day he saw her at the register that he could no longer manage his passions. Even from the early hours of the first day he sweated through heated fantasies and wondered if he were becoming a sexual monster. But what was happening to both of them was inevitable. It was the sex-charged setting of the supermarket that was stimulating him.

The night of the first day she somehow knew she was to wait until everyone but the manager had left the store and he had been aware of the inevitable when he called his wife earlier in the day, telling her not to wait up, he had to check over some new stock.

She took her working apron into the stock room and hung it on the hook, knowing that it was not to be the last item she (or he) would remove; and likely the remainder of her clothing would be scattered in passionate abandon about the floor.

He was checking nothing when she came back to him and from the moment she entered he fully sensed the height of his passion. The apron was on the hook and his hands were on her breasts, lips fondling her ear. From that moment it was a rapid seething rush to the first climax. It was not to be the last fulfillment of that night, nor was it to be the last night of fulfillment.

This is an impatient, constant passion and the film shows as much of the sex games as films are allowed. The plot is simple because point of interest is obvious. However, the point of interest, the fulfillment of the night, is an intricately woven mat of lace, caresses, kisses across the body, and touching and mouthing the entrance to the warm, damp undulating final act.

Needless to say, these nights of passion beneath the naked bulb and midst the exciting aromas of love left him with little passion for his sexual obligations in the marriage bed. And the constant desire left her with little time (or desire) for her normal "school girl home for the summer" activities. The work of the day was now nothing but a burden borne in the anguished wait for the evening and the empty store. Only a hasty, frustrating caress could be had during the day. Business as usual had to be the policy though the lovers were possessed of constant fantasies of desire and love games and climax.



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This was far from a usual activity for her. For such an innocent who had been touched only occasionally, and then but briefly, at the very top of her thighs, it was indeed a unique experience to be constantly waiting to be taken — wanting it badly. While her counterparts were on the beach oggling and being oggled, or in parked cars trying not to go quite all the way, she, who had been a virgin just a short time ago, was intimately involved with a married man.

Once innocent, she now experienced the complete intricacy of sex and nearly every night.

Once a faithful husband, he was now so taken by his new found lover that he scarcely thought of his wife. The sex-charged air of the supermarket left him little time to wonder at his past loyalty. He had been her summer instructor in the art of sexual delights. He knew he had taught her well and she absorbed each lesson without question or hesitation.

Next time you pass a supermarket after hours and notice light escaping from a back room, you may guess that it is not kept burning to illuminate a box of crackers. The light perhaps burns to aid some flight of passion. This has been going on for years and this movie, after all, does nothing more than bring into the open this unique set of sex games.

And next time you shop for a loaf of bread take note of that subtle sensuality. Notice the common hung-down housewives vigorously, sensuously squeezing various goods, or openly fondling a sausage or pound of hamburger. The sensual atmosphere takes hold of even these sexless women and causes them to act very much out of the ordinary; acting out of the ordinary just as did the couple in the film who represented innocence and faithfulness.

When he and she emerge from the stockroom looking just a bit tossed and flushed you may be sure that there was indeed some stock to check. ○



And you thought "Supermarket Game" was the name of a TV show when all along it was really a game of show and tell and show some more and grab a fine piece of skin and put it where it belongs. They're getting down to it now, so why don't we let the store manager take his stock in peace.





NUDE MOVIE ISSUE

Lesbianism, rape, incest, and cannibalism are just a few



of the atrocities bubbling in this monster caldron movie

HOLLYWOOD has scoured the far corners of the globe to find and film the wildest fantasy, science fiction, and horror movies imaginable; but tinseltown's greatest achievements seem like kid stuff compared to Ruby Kiper's provocative flick, *"The Girl With The Hungry Eyes."*

Filmed in the unlikely city of Peoria, Illinois, this bizarre movie combines horror, sex, science fiction, rape, incest, true love, lesbianism, and cannibalism in a motion picture the entire family will enjoy.

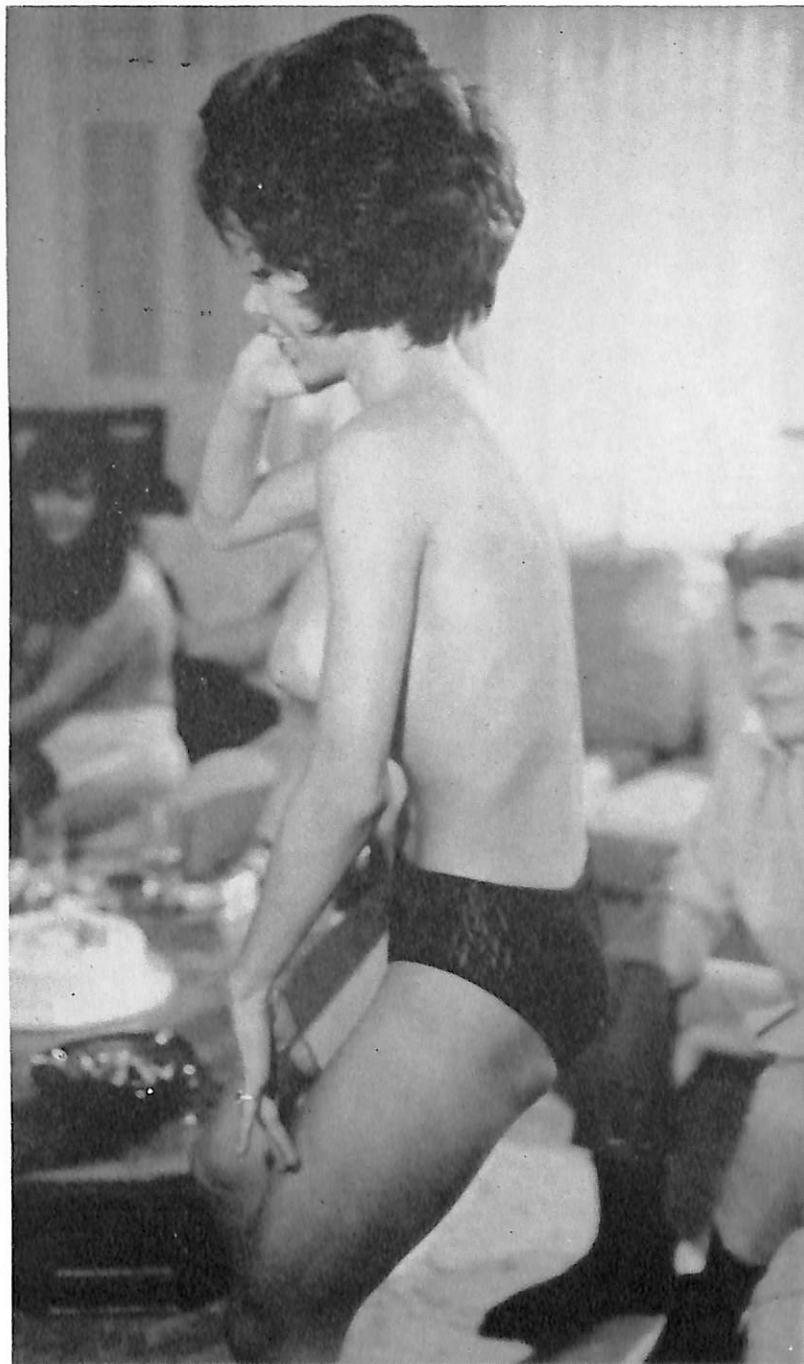
The heroine is Nana Nookie — the lovely, stacked, and lesbian step-daughter of Lord Crenshaw, alderman and secret scientist.

Nana is still cherry when it comes to boys, but with the ladies of the neighborhood she is a real vote getter. Her "hungry eyes" have already gotten Nana into 69 lesbian affairs; but somehow she just can't seem to find real happiness.

Lord Crenshaw, who is slowly going off his cashew, continues to work in his laboratory on sexual experiments that would make even Frankenstein lubricate his britches. Finally accepting the fact that Nana Nookie has a problem, he decides to concentrate his experimenting on finding a cure for his swishy step-daughter.

With Nana refusing to have anything to do with fellas, Lord Crenshaw must resort to exotic remedies. Thus, while pursuing a counteractant to Nana's lizzie problem, he becomes obsessed with the mating habits of Australian anteaters. "Eureka!" the lord exclaims. "There is a chance for Nana Nookie yet!"

Checking the back pages of his favorite magazine, Lord Crenshaw finds that he can purchase an anteater cheap through the mails. (The bill pending in the Illinois legislature to ban mail order anteaters had just been de-



***'the girl
with the
hungry eyes'***



NUDE MOVIE ISSUE

feated.) And Lord Crenshaw inaugurates the most unusual experiment in monstrosity making history.

Nana is a bit dismayed when hearing the news. It seems that Lord Crenshaw has concocted a potion that will induce in his anteater, named Clyde, a desire to have carnal knowledge of Nana.

Although Nana likes Clyde, the anteater, very much, she had never thought of him in *that* way. Nevertheless, after watching Clyde's passionate tongue dart to and fro in her direction, she figures she might as well give it a whirl.

"That was the damnedest thing!" Nana exclaims after making it with Clyde. "But I still dig chicks better!"

Hearing these words and knowing his efforts have been in vain, Lord Crenshaw flips his bonnet and casts poor Nana Nookie out of the house.

So Nana trips into the big bad world to seek her true love. Her "hungry eyes" search for just the right cookie who will make her crumble; and Nana runs up another string of 69 conquests — girls coming in all sizes, shapes, and colors. But no matter how many chicks Nana turns a trick with, something keeps tugging at the back of her mind. The memory of you-know-who.

Then one day it happens. Nana bumps into old Clyde, who still loves her — but platonically, as he's given up grooving with human chicks.

"Clyde!" Nana cries tearfully. "You're the only one who understands me!"

And so Nana Nookie, because of the love of her faithful pet, kicks the lizzie habit and goes straight. ●



After fulfilling all the biological needs of her Companion, a bi-girl (above) takes a time out to rest and refresh her overheated body.



Lesbians only allow the presence of men if they pay big money to watch a strip or girlie love-making.

Seeking true love but never finding it (below), the girl prepares to travel the only sexual route a lesbian can go.





nude movie queen

WHEN LYDIA Jason ran away from school — acting school, that is — she figured that was the end of her Thespian world. Fortunately, lithe-some Lydia was only eight years old at the time; and a few years later, once draped in teenage maturity, she returned to the drama academy with new hopes and earned her diploma.

Today, Lydia's 36-25-36 parts are definitely no act, and she's on her way to splashing big in the Hollywood pond.

Naturally, securing her first part in the movies was a difficult chore; but soon a ray of film-land sunshine beamed on Lydia and she was given a part as a mother superior in the movie, *Rebels In Long Skirts*. From that point in her career, the parts began to get larger. The revelation of her choice anatomy occurred for the first time in, *Bikini Blisters*, and later in the shocker, *Monster From Outer Space*.

Lydia's sights are set on a leading role with a large Hollywood company; but while waiting for that glorious moment to happen, she's consented to play a big part in the independent production of the saucy, *How Far Is The Old Log Inn?*

This satirical romp deals with the sexual exploits of the rough and rowdy breed of backwoodsmen, and is expected to raise a good many eyebrows around the country. When the wild and woolly loggers set their traps for Lydia, the fur really starts to fly. A bounty, for the viewer, is in the bag. ◉



lydia jason







Everyone in the business concedes that movies will be better than ever, once Lydia Jason splashes her gorgeous self in Hollywood's big movie pond.

Getting her teeth in a juicy part is the one thing that gives Lydia satisfaction and fulfillment.



Never afraid to climb on something hot, Lydia demonstrates her talents in daring roles many other actresses would lack the courage to perform.



*Taking life as it comes, Parisian beauty
is equally at home in the kitchen or boudoir*

WHEN A GIRL IS shapely, sexy and French she is more often than not in the movies and, just as naturally, involved in various boudoir affairs.

But when a girl is all the above and is, in addition, named Elaine Chastel she is something a little extra — someone with a little more life and an extra grain of devilishness. She is a chic someone who approaches her affairs and movies with a total lack of inhibition.

When a girl is named Elaine Chastel and is sexy, shapely (36-24-36), French, devilish and uninhibited she just naturally adds a special quality to her pursuits. That special quality is passion. Passion has never been claimed a virtue and Elaine would be the first to admit that virtue is something she has never pursued with a passion. In fact, for Elaine virtue is rather a dull affair which, should one approach it, leads to something less than a full, uninhibited, devil-may-care pursuit of life's fullest rewards.

Elaine Chastel, a French girl with a 36-24-36 shape and a devil-may-care approach to life finds her fullest rewards in the movies and in boudoir affairs. Very naturally, when a sexy French girl lacks inhibition in movies and boudoir affairs she is bound to arouse some degree of passion in both those who claim virtue and those who find the devil-may-care approach most appealing.

Those possessed of virtue find Elaine's boudoir and movie pursuits devilish. So wide has spread her notoriety, in fact, that those of passionate virtue claim her spreading fame ought to somehow be inhibited.

On the other hand, those who disclaim virtue find this virtuous outcry rather dull. Rather more dull, in



elaine chastel



Elaine's movies, activities and love affairs are invested with a special quality—passion



Multi-faceted Elaine is expert not only in the arousal of passion, but is equally adept with the brush and palette, creating contemporary works of art "signed" with the imprint of her nude body.

fact, than the uninhibited spread of Elaine's sexy shape across the movie screens of France.

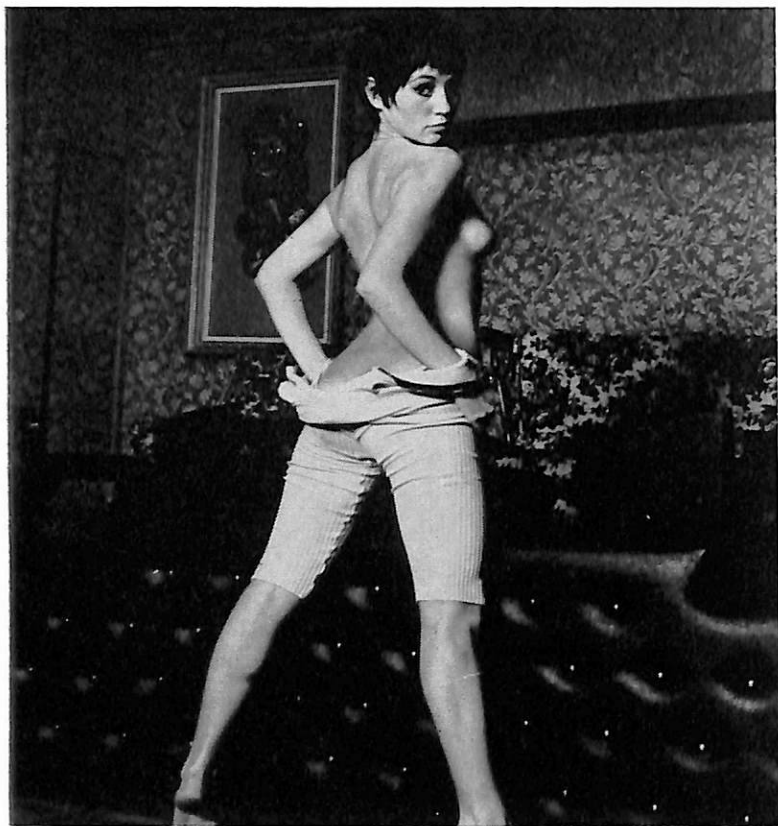
When a sexy French nude movie star finds her uninhibited pursuits questioned by those who claim virtue, and passionately praised by those who find virtue a dull affair, she very simply turns her back on them all, casually removes her social inhibitions and turns to face them all with the spreading smile of a devil-may-care attitude.

Those who are passionately possessed of virtue ought really not to be too hard on poor Elaine. After all, she is a real home body in the classical French sense. And

though it is not difficult to put a hand on what has so fully spread Elaine's notoriety, it ought to be remembered that fame and affairs are but one aspect of her increasingly spreading interests.

For instance, Elaine just loves to cook. Now that is something the virtuous ought to grab. And too, this shapelessly nude movie star likes nothing better than to make things with her hands. The combination of her love for cooking and her natural facility with her hands has led her to the art of making pastries (French "pastries" she puns). She does magnificent things with dough; rolling





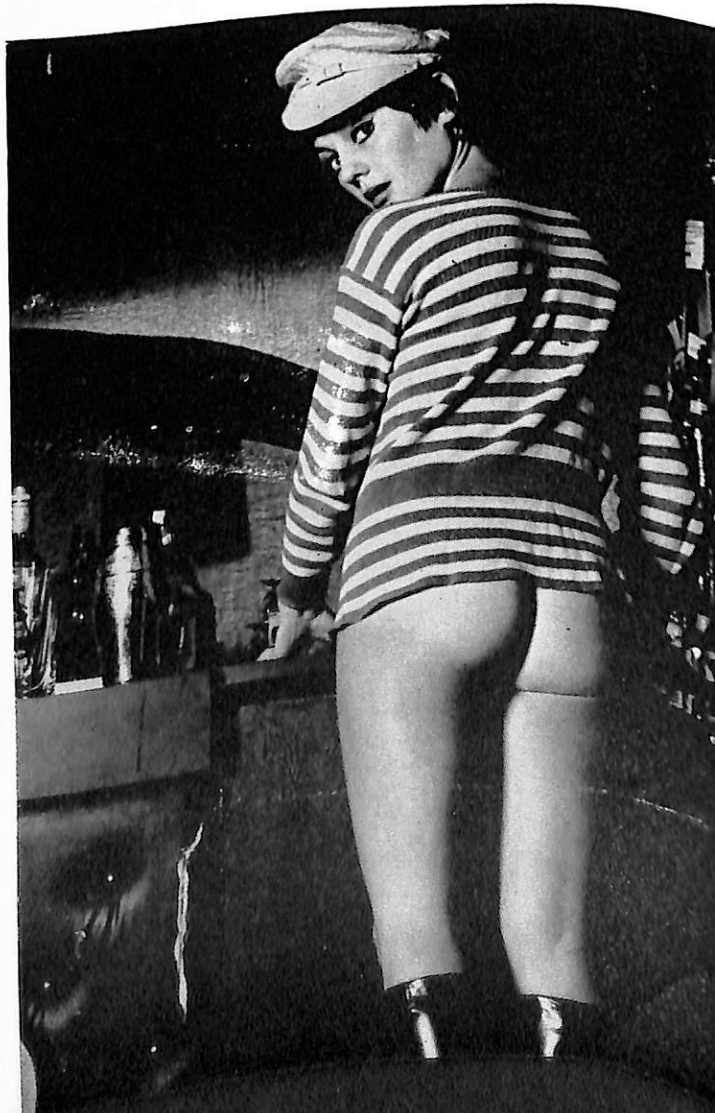
it vigorously, adding a bit of sugar as it is needed, and moulding it into unique shapes which give ever additional evidence of her uninhibited nature.

Elaine also has some facility with brush and oils. Though by no means expert, she thrusts her self at the canvas with a passion that is a delight to see. Her style is contemporary and far from dull, especially when you note the final touch — the imprint of her nude body upon the canvas as a unique sort of signature.

When a girl is shapely, sexy, and French with an uninhibited 36-24-36 she is quite naturally attracted to movies. When she is Elaine Chastel she is devilish and passionate in her pursuit of the exciting things in life. When she is all these things she is a pleasure to behold.

When she is all these things and appears in this magazine, one thing must be obvious to both the passionate and the dullard: that is, she is doubtless a totally captivating creature. ○

A "home body" in the classical French sense, she resides in a luxury pad which she has turned into a veritable salon for French intellectuals of various political and ideological persuasions



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